

86

ΕΤΑΛΟΝ ΕΑΛΙΑΣ

# CAROLO REGI—

## ANTICHRISTO, BRONTIA.

—quamvis Iratus & exul.  
*Propatria flammis nondistulit arma Camillus.*

EDINBURGI,  
Excudebat Robertus Bryson. 1643.

11623 aad. 28

Algernon Sidney, may have  
been the writer of these verses.  
In the Album of the University  
of Denmark, he inscribed &  
signed —

— "Manus haec inimica Tyrannis  
"Ense petit placidam sub libertate  
quietem". In perfect accordance  
with the last lines of this poem —

Charles I. was born, in 1600.  
Crowned 1625. Murdered 1649.  
The critical year of his life  
was 1642, when the civil war  
broke out. — Mons<sup>r</sup>. Lally de  
Tolendal one of his admirers  
says — "Jusqu'à le caractère &  
la conduite de Charles, mélange  
de vertus & d'erreurs, de droiture  
& de faiblesse, avoit mérité tantôt  
la louange & tantôt la censure,  
désormais on n'eût plus qu'à  
l'admirer, le plaindre & le  
réverer."

K S, A

86

ΣΤΑΛΟΝ ΕΛΛΙΑΣ

CAROLO  
REGI—  
ANTICHRISTO,  
BRONTIA.

—quamvis Iratus & exul  
*Pro patria flammis non distulit arma Camillus.*

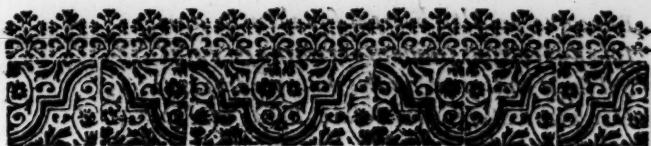
EDINBURGI,  
Excudebat Robertus Bryson. 1643.

CAROLO  
REGI

ANTICHRISTO  
BAPTISTA



ADAM CROCE  
L'excelsior



ΣΤΑΛΟΝ ΕΛΛΙΑΣ

# CAROLO REGI.

## ANTICHRISTO BRONTIA.

**E**cce ego funereo confusa Britannia luctu,  
Has lachrimas, Rex Magne, tibi profronde Minerva  
Offero & extremos quos sava pericula quæstus  
Indomitusque dolor dictat; squalentia crebris  
Vulneribus meat erga vides, mucrone cruento  
Viscera fixa, manus liventes cade, jacentes  
Cerne oculos, tarda sçq; gradus, trepidantiaq; ætri  
Membra metu: quonam tibi mens ignara nocendi,  
Quo sensus abicere pii? cumulata feruntur  
Funera funeribus, clades & clade, novoque  
Vulnere crudescit nunquam coitura cicatrix.  
Namque odiis cecidere tuis grassante furore  
Et regni procures & inops sine nomine vulgus  
Oppida quor' spoliata, suis viduata colonis

Rura quot incultis horrent squallentia damis  
Ipsa stupet tellus immania crimina & ausus  
Sol fugit indignos, quales male perdit a caso  
Nec vidit Mario, nec Casare Roma furente  
Cur ferus indomita producit impetus ira?  
Quis furiis Rex magne ruis? quas eripis urbes  
Eripis ipse tibi, quos & grassaris in agros  
Quis neget esse tuos, Bello quamania perdis  
Perdis & illi tibi, quot quot lachrimosa de disti  
Funera tot patrias viduasti civibus urbes.  
Nec modus invidia, tantorum aut metus malorum  
Ni mea Romulea submittam colla catena.

Carole dux olim, qua te fors improba nobis  
Eripuit Romeque dedit? te murice Regem  
Distinctum triplici colui, diadema, tiaras,  
Sceptraque clara dedi, sceptrisque uberrima Regna.  
Jure regenda tuis, non vi, comitia flammis  
Et proceres cur ense petis? nec finis in ira  
In mea victricem ni vortas viscera dextram,  
Tantane te nostri caperunt tadia Regni?  
Dux patria vindexque tua, cur ense tueris  
Ausonii consulta Jovia? Papismus origo  
Prima mali geminas inter discordia partes  
Nomine non alio crevit, sis Iernarebellis  
Testis, & insani multa cum eade tumultus  
Tanta nec ignavis offensa rebellibus obstat  
Quin conjuratos indigna in fadera cogis,  
Devehar ut longi solennis pompa triumphi  
Miles Iber, Mavorte ferox, & erine repexo  
Gallus inis fœdus, quin & nascuntur in ipso  
Bella sinu, queis jura dedi, quibus arva domosq;  
Contuleram, flammis urbesq; & mania vastant.

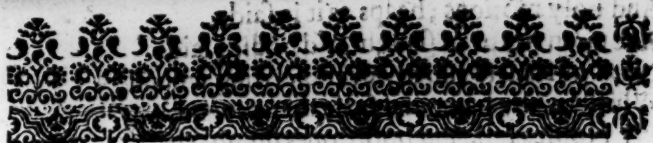


Nec tamen ulla tuis fulget victoriacastris,  
Bella geris, propriis tu debellaris & armis.  
Sola tibi tuatela nocent, tibi vulnera ferro  
Infigis proprio, quisquis cadit ense tibi Rex  
Ille cadit; tua per te est extenuata potestas,  
Ludibriumquetuos Roma, risumq; relinquis.  
Jam jam floste animum, tandem & succurre uenti  
Quiq; prius noceuit clypeus, nos protegat Idem,  
Et tua pro nostro sudet tutamine virtus.  
Pelle hostes regno, quorum delicta fuere  
Nexus amicitia, deturba infame nocentum  
Concilium, te redde tuis, desiste morari.  
Me mala passa diu, me dura pericula cogunt,  
Sublatis apperire dolis, qua pectore toto  
Constitui, quaque ipsa Deo sine crimine Vovi  
Purpurea mala phyltra Lupa, ludibria Roma  
Cumque suis pellam cultoribus, aspicias Anglos  
Granpiacosque Duces aeterna in fœdera neci,  
Qui mea non timidis cingent tentoria castris  
Nec Regem mucrone peto, sed fulmine Romam  
Impeto, qua nostram metuet dum viderit umbram.  
Carole te mediis ex hostibus, auspice Christo  
Eripiam, reddamq; tuis, te mente Senatus  
Te populus precibus, te tota Britannia votis  
Incolumem exposcit: male defensoribus istis  
Te sobolemquetuam credis, petiere paternum  
Heu quoties ferro iugulum, flammisq; Senatum  
Etrastibus regnum, tunc his cum manibus urbes  
Cum ratibus portus & propugnacula regni  
Credere sustineas? qua tot modo patribus annis  
Inviolata tuis, teque expugnante iucri

Non metui tibi militiam portusque, ratesque  
 Oppidaq; & vallos & propugnacula seruo.  
 Hinc lachryma, & crudele odium, hinc vulnera & ira  
 Quod Regi sum fida meo, patriamque domosq;  
 Et populum sancta sub religione tueri  
 Vnus amor, cupidique animus comaminis unum.  
 Quippe Deus tribuit patri mihi pignus amoris  
 Notitiamq; sui, fidesq; Opobalsama sancta  
 Stirpis Jessa dulci qua sanguine sudant.  
 Non ego Romulea metuo militemena, secta  
 Non Jovis Ausonii fastus, nec gentis Ibera  
 Fulmina formido, non Dacæ tela, nec enses  
 Galle tuos, gelida celerans mihi miles ab arcto  
 Advolat, indomitasque obiens qua gargite Nereus  
 Implicat Equestris, Drusidumque sedilia, Monam  
 Et patris Oceani fohales, quam flatibus ingens  
 Vexat Hypshoreis Aquilo præruptus ab antris  
 Ipse gubernator, Gelsi mihi Rector Olympi:  
 Qui Genus Isacicum Phoriæ eduxit ab oris  
 Marmoreum, qui stravit iter, pontumque diremit  
 Et populant medias dedit ire impune per undas,  
 Instruet ille acies, ducetq;, nec arma reponam  
 Ferrea nec Jani compescam limina, donec  
 Sub mea Romuleum veniet vestigia monstrum.



A. S.



THE  
OLIVE LEAF  
WITH  
A THUNDER-BOLT  
FOR  
ANTICHRIST.

\*\*\*\*\*  
To the Kings most excellent  
MAJESTIE.  
\*\*\*\*\*

BRITTANE speakes.

**C**Ontus'd with mourning grief to the great King,  
Those teares (instead of *Pallas* leafe) I bring  
With plaints which cruel danger doth endyte,  
Mixt with undanted sorrow, both being wryte,  
With wounds upon my back, the bloody sword  
Piercing my bowels, hands no strength afford.  
Behold my dimmed eyes, and trembling pace,  
Where is your former goodnesse, full of grace

And

And holy motions ; heaps as it is said,  
Are upon heaps of slaughter'd bodies laid.  
New mischiefs rub my ever bleeding wound,  
Whilst by thy hate, and furie that abound,  
My Nobles fall, and poore ones numberlesse,  
How many Cities spoyled? yet no redresse :  
Poore Villages, and many fertill plains,  
Are horride waste, and killd or fled the swains.  
Earth stands amazed, and the sun doth flie,  
Such wicked bold attempts Rome did not see  
Thelike, tho *Marins* killed *Cesar* inaged,  
Why is your cruell wrath so deep inaged.  
Great King what furies move you so to toyle,  
In taking your own Townes, making a spoyle  
Of your own Lands, these wals you overthrow,  
To you they're lost by every bloody blow.  
And death procuring wound by that your gift,  
Your Cities are of Citizens bereft  
Nor is there hopes to end by compromit,  
Unlesse to Romes proud yoke I do submit.  
What wicked fate hath taken you from me?  
And made you Romes stout Champion to bee:  
I honoured you with robes, and three rich Cowns,  
Three Scepters, Kingdomes fertile, famous Towns:  
By law ( not force ) to be governd, why you,  
Your Parliaments and Patriots persue  
With fire and sword : is stranger to me, unlesse  
You seek my freedome, contrare like't oppresse  
To sit upon my throne are you then growne  
Wearie, or carelesse to defend your owne.  
Or why the Romish trash for to defend,  
( The fountaine of mischiefe ) your forces bend.



There

There is no other quarrell : British bloud  
In treacherous *Ireland* spilt, will make this good:  
And yet these feeble Rebels must be cald,  
Ah, shame to help, that I may be enthrald.  
The cruel *Spaniard* and the triseld *French*,  
Must be calld in, for what ? sure not to quench,  
But kindle my fire, and joyne in league with those,  
To whom I Laws, Lands, Houses did dispose,  
That they may cities wals and Lands deuoure,  
What gain you ? is your glorie ought the more.  
Ye war and weakned are by your owne armes,  
Your own dart wounds you, and procures your harms:  
And who so fals, to you he fals, O King,  
By your own force your power weakning:  
And so both you and yours unto your foes,  
( The *Romish* *Ismaels* ) laughter you expose.  
Oh, turn in time, and help me to erect,  
Your shield that harmd me, let it now protect.  
O bend your wits and forces me to save,  
And banish foes the Realme, and such as have  
Been guiltie of that wicked League, and all  
Bad counsellours (that keepe you so in thrall)  
Restore you to your own, make no delay,  
My harmes and dangers make me now to say,  
With honest heart what I resolve to do,  
Yea tyed I am by sacred solemne vow.  
The purple whoores intoxicating brattes,  
Ile banish quite, with all their idol mattes.  
My *English* Chiftanes, and the valiant *Scot*,  
Are now in Covenant not to be forgot,  
Who with undaunted courage will surround,  
My Pavillion, and make my foes give ground :

Nor is't against the King I fight, but Rome,  
Who frighted still shall flie my shadow from.

*Charles* with Christs help, from all thy foes I will,  
Take thee and to thy owne restore, fulfill  
The Senats, peoples, Britains wish, wishing,  
God save King *Charles*, the Lord preserve our King,  
By you and yours there ought no trust be put,  
In those that sought your fathers throat to cut:  
Blow up the Senate, and with navall strength,  
To take the Kingdome. Oh shall you at length  
Trust those with cities wald, with ships and Ports,  
And with the remnant of the Kingdomes forts,  
Which I have kept inviolat, altho  
Opposd by divers Kings, and you also:  
For you, to you, I keep these Forts and Cities,  
Ships, Ports and all, but here a thousand pities  
Because I'me faithfull to the King and State,  
I'me therefore subject to your ire and hate,  
Because the true Religion I embrace  
And knit my peoples hearts in one, and place  
My trust in God, by faith who doth approve  
Our weak endeavours, gives us of his love,  
Sure pledges, gives us courage for to shed,  
Our blood for him, who his for us hath bled.  
No subtile Romish plots doth me affright,  
No Popish Bulls, nor bragging Spaniards might,  
Nor Danish darts, nor devils, nor swords of France,  
(Like Grasshoppers who love the Summers dance)  
My Souldiers from the coldest Northerne parts,  
Advance their standarts with couragious hearts,  
From the Eubonian Iles girt by the sea,  
And *Mona* where the Druides use to be.

And

And from the Iles who'gainst the Northern blast,  
A single blanket 'bout them use to cast.  
The heavens great ruler is my chiefest guide,  
Who for his chosen Israel did divide  
The waters, which he made on heaps to stand;  
When as he brought them out of Egypt land;  
He shall instruct us how to fight, and how  
To order battel 'gainst that damned crew.  
Nor shall I sheath my sword, nor lay armes down,  
Till I have trampled Romes proud triple Crown.

*A. S.*

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